

# Jefferson

BY S. B. ROW.

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## GENTLE WORDS AND LOVING SMILES.

The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew, the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow dim and watch the flight  
Of Autumn's opening hour;  
But words that breathe of kindness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
Brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But, oh! if those who cluster round  
The altar of the heart,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

## JEFFERSON AND HIS TIMES.

From the National Magazine.

The political campaign preceding his first election to the Presidency, was one of the most acrimonious and excited that the country ever saw. Jefferson was assailed with partisan malice, and many efforts were resorted to to blacken his reputation and destroy his influence. Lies poured out their malignity, and slander was unblinking in its defamations. Yet he never deigned to write one word for the papers in his own defense. He seemed utterly regardless of self, and fought only for his principles. For these he contended in Washington until all hopes of success fled. He then turned to the State Legislatures. He drew up the famous resolutions which were passed by Kentucky and Virginia, declaring the Alien and Sedition laws unconstitutional, and asserting the rights of the states to interpose their authority and power for arresting evils growing out of the usurpation of powers by Congress. These resolutions checked the insane career of the monarchists, and saved the Constitution in its last struggle.

After a long and fierce contest, Jefferson received a majority of the popular votes, and of the votes of the Electoral College, for President; but as no distinction was then made on the ballots between President and Vice-President, it happened that Jefferson and Burr received the same number of votes; and though everybody knew that Jefferson meant for President, yet his opponents took advantage of the omission and claimed that there was no election. The matter was then referred to the House of Representatives, where the Federalists, in order to defeat Jefferson, dropped their own candidate and voted for Burr, a man who had not received one popular vote for that office, and who was in no respect qualified for it. On the thirty-sixth ballot Jefferson triumphed, receiving the vote of ten states against four for Burr and two blanks.

His inaugural was in perfect keeping with the republican simplicity of the man. When his predecessors were inducted into the same office it was with regal pomp and parade. Everything was done to impress the popular mind with the importance of the occasion and the majesty of the President. Washington protested long against this silly mimicry of a kingly pageant, but at last yielded. The Republicans were disgusted with it; Jefferson abhorred it; and hence when his turn came to go through the ceremonies, he positively refused. In a plain citizen's dress he walked, unattended, into the capitol, entered the Senate chamber, approached the table, on which lay a Bible, and by which was standing the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The Senate arose to receive him. He took the oath of office; and then to the Senate, and a few friends present, he delivered a brief yet noble address, containing the principles which should govern his administration. Those principles commend themselves to every American heart.

He commenced at once the Herculean labor of administrative reform; he discontinued the costly custom of levees, with their attendant train of ceremonies, their aristocratic parade of ribbons and garters; their idleness and dissipation of time; their corruption of morals and manners; their waste of health and money, and their paraphernalia of despotic courts. And in the place of these levees he introduced the dignified courtesies, the substantial virtues, and elevated simplicities of republicanism.

He removed from office all who had been appointed by Mr. Adams on the eve of his retirement from the chair, many of whom were appointed purposely, it was thought, to embarrass Jefferson. He cut off every one who had used his official influence to effect any election. He dismissed en masse the large body of Treasury inspectors, and appointed new ones in their places. He suppressed every superfluous office dependent upon executive patronage, and removed every idle clerk in all the departments. With the consent of Congress he dismissed every gatherer of the internal tax, and these collectors comprised more than three-fourths of all the officers of the general government. He reduced the diplomatic corps to three ministers. He reduced the standing army from nominally one hundred thousand to three thousand. He saved the annual current expenses of the government, about three millions of dollars; and thus with the slowly increasing revenue was enabled, in three years and a half, to pay of interest on the public debt about fourteen millions of dollars, and on the principal thirteen million five hundred thousand dollars. The odious Sedition Law died a natural death. The Alien Law was essentially modified and stripped of its objectionable features; agriculture and manufactures flourished; commerce was extended; the internal resources of the country were rapidly developing, and wealth, from every quarter, was pouring into the nation. That was, indeed, a golden epoch in our history.

The people stamped their approval upon Mr. Jefferson's administration, by re-electing him by a very large majority. His second term of office was commenced under favorable auspices for prosecuting his contemplated reforms. He warmly recommended internal improvements, and such a modification of the Constitution as would permit the establishment of a national university for the promotion of science and the highest degrees of education. But this latter scheme failed through sectional jealousies.

During this second term of his administration serious difficulties with England, which had been accumulating from the close of the Revolution, approached a crisis. English aggressions upon our commerce were becoming more numerous and assuming a graver magnitude. It finally became apparent that we must go to war with nearly all Europe, or submit to unrestrained piracy; or else for a time stop our commerce and close our ports

to foreign vessels. Mr. Jefferson chose the latter, and recommended the embargo to Congress. It was adopted; and dire were the curses which came down upon its author. It is his reproach to this day.

But it was not original with Jefferson.—Massachusetts had used it before the Revolution. President Washington also recommended it to the third Congress, by whom it was adopted March 26, 1794, and proclaimed.—Mr. Jefferson was certainly following wholesome examples in proposing his embargo. If, therefore, there be reproach belonging to it, let Massachusetts of 1775, General Washington, and the third and the first Congresses share in it. As a substitute for war it was the choice of a lesser evil, and at the same time annoyed the enemy more than any direct and open warfare which our government could then carry on could have done.

While president, Jefferson performed a large amount of literary and other unofficial labor. Regular essays on physics, law, medicine, science, natural history, agriculture, manufactures, navigation, morals, education, and religion appear in his correspondence. He continued his communications with foreign literary, scientific, and agricultural societies. He imported valuable stock. He introduced vaccination, amid a storm of ridicule. He used great exertions to colonize free blacks upon the coast of Africa, hoping thereby to suppress the slave-trade, and prepare the way for emancipating the enslaved in our own country. He corresponded with Alexander of Russia, then mediator between the belligerents of Western Europe, and endeavored to procure through him a recognition of the rights of neutrals on the high seas. He strove to embellish Washington—that city of hills, and sand, and marshes, of immense distances, of marble palaces and negro huts. Standing in the western portico of the capitol, and looking down through a mile of Pennsylvania Avenue to the president's house, you will be struck with the beautiful colonnade of trees which adorn the whole distance on both sides. These trees were planted under Mr. Jefferson's direction, and some of them by his own hands. He was rarely seen retiring from his daily ride, without bringing with him some sapling, or shrub, or bunch of flowers, for the adornment of the infant capital.

In the spring of 1809, he made his last and happy retreat to his own Monticello. Nothing could induce him to become a candidate for re-election. He threw off the shackles of power with as much joy as ever a prisoner did his chains. He retired to his property and pursued for the tranquil pursuits of science, by rendering them his supreme delight. But the enormities of the times have forced me to take a part in resisting them, and to commit myself on the boisterous ocean of political passion. I thank God for the opportunity of retiring without censure, and carrying with me the most consoling proofs of public approbation. He retired to his private life—his family, his books, and his farms.

The beloved companion of his early manhood had gone; she died in his arms in 1782. With her he lived only ten years; but, to use his own language, those were years of "unchecked happiness." When he retired from the presidency two daughters and several grandchildren remained to gladden his home, and in their presence his cup of joy seemed full.

With his books he found sweet pastime. His library was the largest and best private collection of books in this country. And their owner knew well their contents and comparative merits.

His farms also occupied much of his attention. By inheritance and marriage he possessed several hundred acres, eleven hundred acres of which were under cultivation. His was a model estate, for system and perfect arrangement. It was divided into four farms, and every farm into seven fields, on which he raised seven crops in rotation. Each farm had its overseer, its quota of slaves, horses, and cattle. Around his family mansion, which was a splendid structure, costing more than the White House at Washington, he had a manufacturing village; carpenters, blacksmiths, cabinet and shoe shops, grain mills, and manufactories of cotton and woolen. Almost everything needed at Monticello was produced there. And yet with all this completeness that estate, like most slave estates, was bankrupt. It had been left to overseers, who cared but little for the interests of its owner, and was worked by slaves who had no motives for thrift and industry.

And the man who, by his wisdom, had paid off thirty-three millions of dollars of debt for his country, and more than doubled her extent of territory, and greatly enriched her; that man went from the national capitol a poor man. And finally he had to apply to the state for permission to parcel out his property and sell it by lottery, for by no other means could he realize its value and pay his debts.

One other public work remained for him. He conceived the plan of benefiting the youth of his native state by founding the University of Virginia. That plan he carried into execution. And until his death he presided over the destinies of the young and promising institution.

Thomas Jefferson was a full grown man. He had a head of good size and ample proportions. His intellect was strong, penetrating, clear, and comprehensive. The amount of intellectual labor which he performed was immense, and it was well done. His heart was fully developed, and accustomed to beat for humanity. His was an unselfish nature. He was unambitious, unassuming. When he returned from France in 1789 he wrote to a friend thus: "I had rather be shut up in a very modest cottage, with my family, and books, and a few old friends, dining on simple bacon, and letting the world roll on as it liked, than to occupy the most splendid post which any human power can give." He courted no popular favor. He made no grand tours through the country, and no speeches for Bunker. He never asked an office, nor indirectly sought one. He only accepted it as a duty when it was imposed by his friends and constituents. He often preferred others to himself, and secured distinctions for them which he might have gained for himself. He had a deep sympathy for the masses, and devoted his life and labor to the improvement of their condition. His labors for the Indians, for the emancipation of the enslaved, for securing political equality and general education, all sprang from his generous heart. His attachment to his friends was firm and unbounded; and to them, when in distress,

his gifts were princely. His treatment of the prisoners taken at Burgoyne's surrender was humane and benevolent almost to a fault. In his own family no man was more affectionate and indulgent.

He was a stranger to intimidation and fear. When he saw the path of duty he entered it without hesitation, and walked straight on, regardless of cost. He was not a man to be tampered with, bought, or sold. He was no craven disciple of expediency.

By birth and education he belonged to the aristocracy, yet in sentiment and feeling he was a Democrat. He had unlimited confidence in the masses, and was willing to trust the government in their hands. During the Confederacy, when the people were warmly discussing various modes of providing an executive, in a table talk, there was an eloquent effusion in favor of birth as on the whole furnishing the best chance for a suitable head of the government. Mr. Jefferson derisively replied that he had heard of a university where the professorship of aristocracy was hereditary!

Mr. Jefferson was thoroughly American in his feelings and views. "Our country first," was one of his mottoes. And he strove to the utmost of his ability to promote our commerce, agriculture, and domestic manufactures. Nor would he suffer any ruinous foreign competition when it lay in his power to prevent it. He wished to see America in all respects independent of Europe.

But it may be expected that we should speak of his anti-religious character, his atheism. We do so cheerfully. Never were a man's religious sentiments more grossly misrepresented than Jefferson's. He was not an atheist. He believed in God, the Creator of all things; in his overruling providence, in faith, in miracles, in justice, and mercy. He believed that God hears and answers prayer; and that human trust in him is never misplaced nor disregarded. He believed in a future state of rewards and punishments. He believed in the Bible precepts and moralities. He had unlimited confidence in the self-sustaining power of truth, and thought that it lost nothing in being subjected to the severest tests; and that it gained nothing by the support of states and privileged hierarchies. It should be remembered that he lived in an age distinguished for its free discussion of first principles. Vigorous efforts were made to throw off the shackles of both civil and religious tyranny; Jefferson repudiated all tyrants, whether crowned or mitred. He boldly asserted the right of man to think and act for himself. He allowed no man to think for him either in politics or in religion. He submitted to no creed nor formula of faith. He yielded to the dictation of no Church. He associated and corresponded with the noblest free-thinkers of the age; and none was bolder than he. He subjected every proposition to the severest test of logic. What he could satisfactorily prove he embraced; all else he rejected.

He overthrew the State Church, and, in consequence, was denounced as its enemy. Yet no man in Washington ever gave so much to build so many churches as Jefferson. True, he was not a Church member; the spirit of exclusiveness, selfishness, and denominational pretensions repelled him from the Churches; yet he respected and cherished the friendship of truly pious men.

He never wrote for the public eye one word except "Declaration of Independence," and under the special injunction of secrecy, he wrote some strictures upon it. Had he supposed that those letters would ever have been set up in villainous types, by order of Congress, they would never have been written. Religiously Jefferson now would be classed with the liberal Unitarians. In public and in private he exhibited the estimable Christian virtues of a man of humble, sincere, and habitual prayer.

On the 4th of July, 1826, he closed his earthly career. To his friends he gave assurance that he had no fear of death. He said: "I have done for my country and all mankind all that I could do; and now I resign my soul without fear to my God." Subsequently, at the house of Sally St. Clair, there is a wild cry, and at the feet of Jasper sinks the maiden, with the life-blood gushing from her white bosom. He heeds not the din nor the danger of the conflict; but down by the side of the dying boy he kneels. Then, for the first time, does he learn that the stripling is his love; that often by the camp-fire and in the swamp, she has been by his side; that the dim visions in his slumber, of an angel's face hovering above him, had indeed been true. In the midst of the battle, with her lover by her side, and the barb still in her bosom, the heroic maiden dies!

Her name, her sex and her noble devotion soon became known through the corps. There was a fearful group gathered around her grave; there was not of those hardy warriors one who did not bewail her fate with tears. They buried her near the river Santee, in a green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise.

THE APPETITE FOR SCANDAL.—After all our moralizing, says the Brooklyn Times, the fact cannot be denied that the public love a bit of scandal. In this respect we are all like a coterie of old maids sipping their tea in a country village, and pulling their neighbor's character to pieces at the same time. While we protest against it we listen to it with none the less avidity, and in scriptural phraseology, "roll it as a sweet morsel beneath our tongues." In nothing are we more hypocritical than in this very matter. The very people who loudly asseverate that they "never, no never," read such stuff as the newspapers print concerning private and personal matters, are the ones who, in private, gloat with the greatest delight over columns of solid type, chronicling prurient details and the most unmitigated indecency. Such persons should not prate too loudly concerning the licentiousness of the press. If they refused to read, editors would refuse to publish such matters. It is a mere matter of demand and supply. If the public eagerly buy and read truth and nastiness, publishers will supply them with it without any very agonizing scruples of conscience. We have in our mind's eye, as we write, the ridiculous and disgusting De Riviere scandal. Had the Atlantic Cable been successfully laid, the account of the enterprise could hardly have occupied more space in New-York papers than is devoted to this miserable affair. Half a dozen columns a day to record the details of a disgraceful scrape in which figure who? nobody whom the world had ever heard of before, there would have been some little excuse for it; but a couple of silly women and a broken-down adventurer? This is the intellectual ailment which is furnished the public now-a-days, and from all appearances, this is what is liked. Truly a beautiful commentary on the progress of mental enlightenment and amelioration of the world had ever heard of such a thing, and let the sacred desk declaim as they will, and raise miners, mechanics, and manufacturers, that will help to raise what is left of that aristocracy up to the middle ground of respectability." (Laughter and applause.) Mr. Wise is after the Presidency, it is understood, and South Carolina don't poll all the votes of the Union.

## THE WARRIOR MAIDEN.

Sometimes just before or about the beginning of the revolutionary war, Sergeant Jasper, of Marion's Brigade, had the good fortune to save the life of a young, beautiful and dark-eyed Creeper girl, called Sally St. Clair. Her susceptible nature was overcome with gratitude to her preserver, and this soon ripened into a passion of love, of the most deep and fervent kind. She lavished upon him the whole wealth of her affections and the whole depth of passion nurtured by a southern sun. When he was called upon to join the ranks of his country's defenders, the prospect of their separation almost maddened her. Their parting came; but scarcely was she left alone, when the romantic nature prompted the means of reunion. Once resolved, no consideration of danger could dampen her spirit, and no thought of consequence could move her purpose. She severed her long and jetty hair, provided herself with a suit of clothes, and set forth to follow the fortunes of her lover.

Her smooth faced, beautiful and delicate stripling appeared among the hardy, rough and giant frames that composed the corps to which Jasper belonged. The contrast between the stripling and these men, in their uncouth garb, their massive faces, embrowned and discolored by the sun and rain, was indeed striking. But none were more eager for the battle, or so indifferent to fatigue, as was the fair-faced boy. It was found that his energy of character, resolution and courage, amply supplied his lack of physique. None ever suspected that she was a woman. Not even Jasper himself, although she was often by his side, penetrated her disguise, but treated her with kindness and respect, and often applauded her heroic bravery. The romance of her situation increased the fervor of her passion. It was her delight to reflect that, unknown to him, she was by his side to watch over him in the hour of danger. She had fed her passion by gazing upon him in the hour of slumber; hovering near him when stealing through the swamp and thicket, and always ready to avert danger from his head.

But gradually there stole a melancholy presentiment over the poor girl's mind. She had been fortunate with hopes deferred; the war was prolonged, and the prospect of being restored to him grew more and more uncertain. But now she felt that her dream of happiness could never be realized. She became convinced that death was about to snatch her away from his side; but she prayed that she might die, and he never knew to what length the violence of her feelings had led her.

It was the eve before a battle. The camp had sunk into repose. The watch fires were burning low, and only the slow tread of sentinels fell upon the profound silence of the night air as they moved through the dark shadows of the forest. Stretched upon the ground, with no other couch than a blanket, reposed the warlike form of Jasper. Climbing vines trailed themselves into a canopy above his head, through which the stars shone down softly. The faint flicker from the expiring embers of fire fell athwart his countenance, and tinged the cheek of one who bent above his couch. It was the smooth-faced stripling. She bent low down, as if to listen to his dreams or to breathe into his soul pleasant visions of love and happiness. But tears traced themselves down the fair one's cheeks, and fell silently but rapidly upon the brow of her lover. A mysterious voice has told that the hour of parting has come; that to-morrow her destiny is consummated. There is one last, lingering look, and the unhappy maiden is seen to tear herself away from the spot, to weep out her sorrows in privacy.

Fierce and terrible is the conflict that on the morning rages on the spot. Foremost in that battle is the warrior Jasper, and ever by his side fights the stripling warrior. Often during the heat and the smoke, gleams suddenly upon the eyes of Jasper the melancholy face of the maiden. In the thickest of the fight, surrounded by enemies, the lovers fight side by side. Suddenly a lance is leveled at the breast of Jasper; but the swifter he leapt, he leapt more rapidly upon the brow of her lover. A mysterious voice has told that the hour of parting has come; that to-morrow her destiny is consummated. There is one last, lingering look, and the unhappy maiden is seen to tear herself away from the spot, to weep out her sorrows in privacy.

THE VEILED MURDER.—The veiled murderer, Mrs. Robinson, of Troy, gives the keepers at Sing-Sing a deal of trouble. Lately she has become so troublesome that the officers are forced to confine her to her room a great portion of the time. For an hour or two each day, while the other convicts are engaged in the shops, she is left at liberty in the prison yard. Her universal employment there is to hunt over the grass plots for "four-leaved clover." Four-leaved clover is an ingredient in her imaginary cauldron, over which she mutters incantations scarcely less weird and wild than that of the "sisters three." Mad or not mad, she is a puzzle and torment to those whose misfortune it is to have her in their charge.

They tell a story of an Irish reporter at Toledo, who took down the Declaration of Independence as it was read, under the impression that it was "the greatest oration he jabs, he had ever heard." When he wrote it off, from his notes, it was so highly embellished that the editor searched for the original, and it came to the "committee of arrangements!"

Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when old Nick fires into a flock, he will be pretty apt to hit somebody.

A physician once advised Sydney Smith to take a walk upon an empty stomach. "Whose stomach?" asked the wit.

## WHY DO WE NOT OWN FRAZER'S RIVER?

Many of our readers will remember that the Polk party in 1844, when the Oregon boundary question was up, insisted upon our right to the territory up to 54° 40' N. Polk himself declared our title up to that line was clear and unquestionable; and the party cry, then, was "Fifty-four forty or fight." Yet in 1846, the Polk administration, Mr. Buchanan being Secretary of State, made a treaty surrendering all our territory north of latitude forty-nine and west of Puget Sound, to Great Britain. The extent of territory thus relinquished was 150,000 square miles. Within the region thus surrendered lies the Frazer's river Gold Mines. Mr. Polk claimed great credit for acquiring the gold region of California; but the gold was not discovered when California was acquired. It was a conquest and was considered at the time a barren one; but the region voluntarily surrendered north of 49° was ours by right and was intrinsically valuable. It thus turned out that we gave up, through the cowardice and slavishness of Buchanan and a democratic administration, a valuable region of 150,000 square miles, embracing the immensely rich gold-bearing valley of Frazer's river, and then fought for the acquisition of a barren region from Mexico, which was afterwards accidentally discovered to be rich in deposits of gold.

The Albany Evening Journal justly greets the Discoveries of Gold at Frazer's River, as mingled some very natural regrets that the said Gold belongs to Queen Victoria's dominion instead of our own.

"Queen Victoria derives her title to it, whether well or ill founded, through the Democratic party of the United States. Everybody remembers the victorious brag of 'Fifty-Four Forty or Fight!' with which President Polk's administration was ushered in. The Boundary between us and the British Possessions was then unsettled, and the country was assured by the proclamation of Democratic Presses and Politicians that the Treaty about to be made should secure us all the Territory up to the line of 54 deg. 40 min., or else we should try the virtue of 'force of arms' to compel Great Britain to accede to that line.

"But in this case, as in that of Kansas, our Financial Policy, and others 'too numerous to mention,' Democratic profession proved to be very different from Democratic practice. The brag served to carry Elections, and then came the 'backing down.' Not only did we not get 'Fifty-Four Forty' nor 'Fight,' but we submitted to take only up to 49 deg., and give up all claim to Vancouver's Island even as far south as 48.

"Thus it happened that Frazer's River, with all its upprunten 'bars,' 'placers,' 'gulches,' mines and other depositories of golden wealth, which are in the latitude of 49° fell into the hands of our British neighbors, and the new Gold Colony had a contract to supply on the coffers of the Chancellor of the Exchequer instead of those of the Secretary of the Treasury.

"Either our claim of 54 40 was just or it was unjust. If it was unjust, the Administration had no business to make it. If it was just, they ought never to have backed out of it. Imagine what malediction and railing and storming at the cowardly 'British Whigs' would have greeted the columns of our Democratic contemporaries just now, had it been an Administration of opposing political opinions which made this unlucky concession. But as it is, they find silence in regard to the past history of Frazer's river, as convenient as it is expressive.

HOW THEY WERE REWARDED.—The following items tell our story—and a sad story, for our country, it is, too. No wonder the national treasury is depleted, and that the Secretary of that department of the government is in the market, among shavers and money lenders, asking for additional loans, in order to keep the wheels in motion.

"Senator J. C. Jones, of Tennessee, old line Whig, had a contract to supply 1,700 horses at \$150 each, which will make the neat sum of \$255,000. It is stated that the horses were to be of a particular color and size, but when they arrived at Fort Leavenworth, they were found to be of all sizes and all colors, but were nevertheless accepted.

"The brother of Hon. J. A. Abl, member of Congress for the Cumberland, York, and Perry districts, had a contract to supply the army 300 mules, at \$175 each, making \$52,500; also, an order for 200 from Russell and Majors, Government contractors, at the same price, amounting in all to \$87,000. The kind of mules delivered could be bought readily at \$120 each. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Abl voted for Lecompton, and is a candidate for re-election.

"Some of the other members of Congress from the rural districts have been providing for their friends at the public expense, in the way of contracts for barley, at fine prices."

This is a strong chapter on Lecomptonism, and in time will prove a milestone at the necks of those who compose the present administration.

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## THE YANKEE FOX SKIN.

"Morris' Squite," said a down easter, giving a nod and a wink to Lyman & Towle, as those gentlemen stood in their store one morning, "up and dressed" for his business.

"How are you, sir?" said the merchant.

"Pooley well, considering the state of things in general. I say, yeou sell skins here, don't yeou?"

"We do, occasionally," was the response.

"Wal, so I calculated; buy fox skins tew, Trecker?"

"Sometimes. Why, have you got some for sale?"

"Some. Yes, I guess I have one; it's one tew, I tell yeou."

"Let's look at it," said one of the merchants.

The owner of the skin tugged at the capacious pocket of his old yellow overcoat for a few minutes, and out came a pretty good-sized lump of a venerable fox-skin.

"There it is—a perfect bewty it is too—Ain't it?"

"Seen finer ones," said Towle.

"Praps you have, and praps yeou haint;—but I dew think it's a rale bewty, slick and shiny as a bran new hat."

"When did you get this skin?" said the merchant.

"When did I get it?" Why, when I killed the darned critter, of course."

"Yes, we know, but was it in the fall or in the summer, or when?"

"O! yes; well I reckon 'twarn't far from the Fourth of July, any way, for I just cleaned up my old shootin' piece for p'rade on the glorious anniversary, and along comes the critter, and I just gave him a zap in the gizzard that settled his hash mighty sudden, I tell yeou."

"Fox skins," said the merchant, "are not very good when taken in hot weather; the fur and skin is very thin, and not fit for much in summer."

"Wall, now, I reckon since I come to think it over, 'twarn't hot weather when I shot the critter; no, I'll be darned if it was; made a thunderin' mistake 'bout that, for 'twas nigh on to Christmas—was, by golly, for I and Seth Perkins went gold to a frolic. I remember it like a book, cold as sixty, snowin' awful—was by ginger."

"Well," says the merchant, "was the fox very fat?"

"F-a-t! O, Melly, warn't it fat! Never did see such a fat fellow in all my born days—Why, yeou, the fat came clean through the fellow's side, ran down his legs, till the very sirth was greasy where the darned varmint crawled along. Did by Perkins."

"Too fat, then, we guess, to be good," said Towle.

"Pat skins, sir, are not so good as those taken from an animal not more than ordinarily fat."

"Wal, guess it warn't so darned fat nuther, come to think about it, 'twas another fox our Shah shot last fall; this warn't so darned fat, not overly fat—I guess it was rather lean, kind o' lean, tre-men-jous lean; poor old varmint was about to die of starvation; never did see such a darned eternal lean, lank, famished critter on airth before."

"Very poor, eh?" says Lyman.

"Very poor! I guess it was so mighty poor that the old critter's bones stuck clean 'rough, almost through his skin; had 'nt killed it just when I did, 'twould have been fat by got ten rods further along. Fact, by golly."

"Ah! well, s' it the merchant, we see the skin is poor; the fur is thin and loose, and would not suit us."

"Wont suit yeou?" Now, look here yeou," says the Yankee, fopping up his venerable skin, "I don't kind o' like such dealin' as that, no, now, and I'll be darned to darnation, of yeou ketch me tradin' for skins with yeou agin' there ain't no lumber in the State of Maine." And the holder of the skin vanished.

THE SEVERE'S E.—It is common to say that a man should mind his P's and Q's, but we see a case in the New-York Times in which a man got caught because he did not mind his R's. It was the case of an Englishman named Elliot, who was a military store-keeper near London, and who, pocketing some 10,000 deserted a wife and family, and came over to this country with an actress—Miss Sinclair. Elliot is in the shade of 50, and Miss Sinclair is just 21. The English government pursued Elliot, and putting the matter in the hands of a New York detective, the rogue was traced and caught. Elliot passed his baggage through the Boston Custom House under the name of Brooks. Elliot had a peculiar "hand write," and these peculiarities were next found at the Delavan, Albany, where the name was Everett and wife; next at the American, Buffalo, where it was Mr. and Mrs. Edwards; next at the International, Niagara, where it was Mr. and Mrs. Evans; next on the steamer Isaac Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Ewin; next at Jones', Philadelphia, as Mr. Emerson and wife; next at the Entaw, Baltimore, as Mr. Emsley and wife; next at old Point Comfort, as Mr. and Mrs. Elmslie; next at Newport as Elmslie; next at the St. Nicholas, New-York; and all the way round that fatal E, which he stuck to as if no other name save one beginning with an E, would suit his purposes. The detective very summarily called Messrs. Brooks, Everett, Edwards, Evans, Ewin, Emerson, Elmslie and Elliot, out of the bed Miss Sinclair occupied, early Monday morning, and put him in Eldridge Street Jail.—Cleveland Herald.

Frogs are now a regularly quoted article in the New-York market. The last report reads, "Frogs are in demand and sell at one dollar per dozen. These are fast becoming a favorite dish, and the demand for them is becoming constantly greater."

A lady having written a letter, concluded it as follows: "Give every body's love to every body, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody."

The Ostrich has been domesticated in Algeria. Nine young ones are now in a brood. The flesh of the grown bird is expected to become eatable in its new state.

Two million two hundred thousand new cents were coined at the Mint, in May, and about four hundred thousand of the old ones returned.

Among the patents lately issued is one to a boy of fourteen, E. Trumbull of Springfield, Ohio, for an improved locomotive whistle.

Be above the world, and act from your own sense of right and wrong.